LIFE AND CHARACTER

DRAWINGS BY
W. T. SMEDLEY

Miss P. Mayberry

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Very Sincerely
William J. Smedley

LIFE AND CHARACTER

DRAWINGS BY

W. T. SMEDLEY, A.N.A.

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY
SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, AND
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

WITH ACCOMPANYING TEXT
BY

A. V. S. ANTHONY



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WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY

By ARTHUR HOEBER

SO many qualities are requisite for an illustrator of the first class that it is not surprising few men arrive at the distinction. A command of the medium is of such paramount importance that without it none of the other qualities counts; therefore we demand this as a *sine qua non*, and it must be present in no uncertain way; then it is expected that the eye must be pleased in the novelty and individuality of the arrangement of line and mass; in brief, the illustrator may have shortcomings, but composition must not be one of them. Your painter is assisted by color which covers a multitude of artistic shortcomings; not so the illustrator; any derelictions in a composition direction and he is lost. He must have novelty, originality, and persistent interest in the delineation of his own or other people's characters as he sets them down. When he shall have started in on the illustration of a story, he must stick to his types and fulfil, as best he may, the public's ideals of the character.

Here then is a series of the problems all to be worked out in cold, uncompromising black and white, with regularity, not only when the mood serves, but at a fixed date, for the stars in their courses are no more regular than is the going to press of the great magazines and periodicals of which America has such a generous supply. And with all these requirements, the illustrator must be artistic, or, like the snuffing out of a candle, his reputation is gone and he drops into the ranks of has-beens. Nor do the requirements end here. Gainsborough

once said of Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Blank him, he is so various!" How various must be the illustrator, is only realized when one looks over a compilation of his work. Is it a novel of sentiment? —then must he be prepared to meet all the ideals of the feminine portion of the novel readers. Is there a great industrial exposition? —then must he attack all sorts and conditions of architecture, crowds, machinery, and the varied aspects of an enormously complicated affair. Perhaps it is war that holds the country — at once must the illustrator put himself in sympathy with the clash of arms, the activity and confusion of camps, and the mighty combats of angry and frenzied human beings. And so on through the gamut. There is no phase of human emotions or happenings that he is not called upon, and almost at a moment's notice, to depict. No hint has the public at large of the brevity of his preparation, the difficulties of data, or the lack of preliminary familiarization with the theme. Is the picture good? does it meet with the public's idea of the event? These only are the important affairs for the illustrator's clientele; and as he meets them or fails in his efforts, so he is judged, for the average public is a severe critic.

I know of few men who have come out of the ordeal so satisfactorily as has Mr. Smedley. Indeed, one may count his rivals on the fingers of one hand, and then, perhaps, have a finger or two to spare. There are younger men who flash meteorically through the magazine sky, burst with a good deal of brilliancy, and then — are lost. There are those who come with promise of the future, say their modest say for a while, and continue along the same level forever afterwards, never carrying out the pledges of youth. And there are still others who wander off into vagaries, into eccentricities, into weird meanderings, and finally entangle themselves into the meshes of aberrations, incomprehensible save to the few admirers of the abnormal, so as to be quite outside the pale of intelligent understanding. Mr. Smedley has pursued a sane and dignified course, and through the years has shown a logical progress consequent upon intellectual

application and thoughtful attention to the larger principles of his art. To-day his work is rounded out, matured, and consistent in every way. His illustrations illustrate; his personages are real, tangible folk, with whom we enter into sympathy; they are *sui generis*, for they are pregnant with meaning.

It is no small accomplishment to have been working for a score of years, as Mr. Smedley has, and, at the end, to be as fresh and as genuine as he is to-day; to come after this length of time to one's labor with all the enthusiasm of the youth of twenty, and to evince a spontaneity that is positively infectious; to delineate the rough mountain men and women of William Black's Scotch highland country, and with equal facility to portray the refinement of Thomas Nelson Page's lovely Southern girls and patrician men, or to grasp the types made famous by Mary E. Wilkins in her New England studies, for these require a peculiar artistic temperament given to few. Yet Mr. Smedley's men from the land of the leal are not to be confounded with those of any other place. They are brawny, sturdy, and of the soil; his Southern folk are never found north of Mason and Dixon's line, save, of course, *en visite*, and the New England spinsters have all the characteristics of that interesting race, or the reverse, according to the point of view.

Mr. Smedley was born in Pennsylvania, in the town of Westchester. His beginnings in art were made at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, and were principally anatomical studies with Dr. W. W. Keen. Like most Americans, he had to look to the bread-winning side of life early, and thus he went to a firm of engravers, where for a while he cut on the block; but his employers soon found that his pencil was of more use to them than his graver, and there followed mechanical drawings of all sorts for commercial purposes. At this time his evenings were given to the night-schools at the Academy. This was about 1877. A little book of illustrations came later; it was of the homes of various members of the Jenks family, begun on a commission from the head of the clan, a

prosperous wool merchant of Philadelphia; after this the artist came to New York. Naturally he gravitated to the house of HARPER & BROTHERS, but at that time his work was not such as to inspire a belief in a brilliant future, save possibly to the young man himself. However, later the HARPERS did give him something to try—nothing less than a Thanksgiving dinner at the Five Points House of Industry; and that it was not altogether a fiasco is proved by the fact that he entered at once into intimate relations with the firm, which have continued uninterruptedly ever since.

However, it did not suit the young man to sit quietly down; the world was to be seen now, he thought, if ever, and he accepted a commission to make illustrations through the great Northwest, in the interests of *Picturesque Canada*, published under the patronage, and during the administration, of the Marquis of Lorne. One of the first books in which his illustrations appeared was John Russell Young's *Around the World with General Grant*, published in 1879. The journey to the Northwest was undertaken about 1882, and a voyage, farther afield, to Australia, was begun in 1885 for a work entitled *Picturesque Australia*. Mr. Smedley was gone a year, and came back by the way of India, travelling leisurely to Paris, where he installed himself in a studio, and went to work for a brief period in the *atelier* of Jean Paul Laurens, near the Madeleine. Evidently the academic was irksome to the young man, and yet, curiously enough, Mr. Smedley shows little if any evidence of a neglect of this sort of work. In point of fact, few men who have had so little preliminary training show so few traces of it, for his figures are drawn with an authority that seems to indicate, on the contrary, a severe school training, and I attribute it almost entirely, after acknowledging a natural predilection for his profession, to his course of study in anatomy for the brief year at the Philadelphia Academy.

The artist's stay in Paris was accompanied by a close observation of everything about him, and a careful study of the old masters in the galleries, together with an investigation of the methods of the

more modern men in the exhibitions. He went about with his eyes wide open; he absorbed all of the best, and he painted a few pictures. One of these was hung in the Salon, and many sketch-books were filled with types of the Frenchman of all ranks and stations, as well as of the strangers within the gates of the world's gay capital. There were commissions, too, to be carried out for the Harpers, and there were bohemian evenings occasionally in the *Quartier* with the men who were over from America. Charles Stanley Reinhart was in Paris then, established there in the same building, and Dagnan-Bouveret, the distinguished Frenchman, was a neighbor, fresh from his early triumphs at the Salon. Abbey occasionally ran over from London, and there was an artistic enthusiasm in the air. After a year or so Mr. Smedley came back to New York and settled down to illustrative work, finding time to paint an occasional oil. The Society of American Artists had, in 1882, elected him to membership, and the American Water-Color Society had long since absorbed him in its fold. Indeed, in the medium of water-colors Mr. Smedley excelled to a high degree, and in 1890 he had been awarded the Evans' Prize for his remembered drawing of "The Thanksgiving Dinner," a work of unusual interest and cleverness—an advance, it may be imagined, on his first commission of the same subject from the publishing house.

For seventeen years, then, Mr. Smedley has been one of the most prominent of American illustrators, and that means one of the most prominent workers in the world; for our native men hold their own, and possibly a little more, in any artistic gathering. In pictures, make-up, and general typographical appearance, our publications, and in particular our magazines, are the admiration of Europe; we have raised the standard of such work to a very high degree. It is no exaggeration to say that our three leading magazines are not equalled to-day, and a goodly share of that which has contributed to their success must be accred-

ited to the men who have drawn the pictures. Mr. Smedley has been paid the great compliment of imitation, that form of flattery that is possibly the least agreeable to the artist, notwithstanding the old adage; but though some of the tricks of handling have been approximated, and occasionally there has been an approach to the more manifest and obvious manipulation of the medium, when it has come to the subtler qualities, and, indeed, those that give his work distinction, the point has been missed altogether.

While Mr. Smedley has been a most prolific man, I could never see that his fecundity was at the expense of his artistic qualities; for he seems to bring to each new thing the evidences of careful preparation, thought, and study. To be sure there are some subjects that lack the inspiration others give. There are writers who seem to breathe in every other line a wealth of subject-matter, while there are others through whose work the artist must wade and delve to get even the faintest suggestion of theme. Mr. Smedley's men and women are to the life. He seems to me to have concealed about him a sort of mental camera with which to seize his types and retain them as he sees them abroad, on the streets, in the clubs, or on festive social occasions. It is one thing to pose a model, yet quite another to catch the unconscious but characteristic movement that is lost on the instant; this, of course, is merely remarkable power of observation, a primary necessity for an illustrator, and which Mr. Smedley possesses to an eminent degree.

After all, however, it is as hard to analyze the secret of the artist's success and power as it is to define the limitations of humanity. No one may say how it is done, or why the figure under the touch of one man is full of meaning, grace, and delightful line, while that of another is heavy, labored, and unsatisfactory. To the layman it all seems like magic, as indeed it is. You may teach the student to get an understanding of form, of line, or of anatomy; you may

train him faithfully in all the great underlying principles of his art, but if the heaven-given spark be not there, the labor is in vain. The man who rises above his fellows has something of that inexplicable heritage without which the less fortunate worker, let him labor ever so hard, arrives only at the mediocre.



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The Cliffs at Nahant

THIS place was famous in the olden time as one of the favorite haunts of the great sea-serpent. As early as 1638, soon after the settlement of Boston, John Josselyn Gent—we must believe him, because he signed himself "Gent"—used to see the serpent "quoiled up on a rock" at Cape Ann, "a sunning of hisself," he might have added. But he was more often seen in this neighborhood, where he disported his sinuosity as late as 1817, since which time he appears to have been a homeless wanderer, and to have carried his "shaggy head and glittering eye" to other parts.

Looking north, we see the whole sweep of Swampscott Bay, with Egg Rock and its light-house, and the fishing-smacks dotting the horizon beyond, and the towns of Lynn and Swampscott; to the south we have Boston, and Boston harbor, with its islands, and a view of Blue Hills in the distance; and to the east, the open Atlantic.

The peninsula is beautiful in every respect, with its fine trees, beaches, and cliffs, and "Spouting Rock," "Pulpit Rock," "Castle Rock," and others, about which the waves are ever dashing picturesquely.

This place would afford Mr. Laurence Hutton an opportunity for a "Literary Landmark" booklet, for here it was that Prescott worked on his "Ferdinand and Isabella" and the "Conquest of Mexico," Motley began his "Dutch Republic," and Longfellow wrote a good part of "Hiawatha." Here, also, lived Alexander Agassiz in the summer months, and it is only natural to suppose that much of his finest work was done where he could be alone with nature and his thoughts. And in a little house near the cliffs Mrs. Annie Johnson, although not much known to fame, used to 'sing her local lyrics.



On the North Shore

ON no part of the whole sea-coast of our country has Nature spread her beauties with so lavish a hand as along the New England coast from Nahant to Eastport, and in no section are so many delightful aspects blended as along the "North Shore," which may be said to embrace the water-line from Nahant to Gloucester and beyond. For years Nahant was the favorite resort of the select few of the wealthy Bostonians. Being a little peninsula, jutting out into the Atlantic Ocean, the breezes fanned it on the hottest days, and so marked was the difference in the temperature of the air from that of the surrounding country that it used to be called "Cold Roast Boston." But the space was circumscribed, and as the population and the wealth of the East increased, the summer-houses began to spread to the northward, and elegant and commodious buildings sprang up in Swampscott; then, reaching farther north to Beverly and Beverly Farms, the course was continued to Manchester-by-the-Sea, Pride's Crossing, and Magnolia. One may drive from Boston to Gloucester, over the most perfect roads for carriage or bicycle, so embowered in trees that only on short stretches does the sun trouble one on the hottest days, while through openings in the woods one gets frequent glimpses of the ocean. The summer afternoons and evenings are delightful, and such groups as are here pictured may be seen in a dozen places. While the ultra-fashionable go to Mount Desert, and another set to Old Orchard Beach—the "Asbury Park" of the East—the discriminating lover of nature and good company pins his faith to the "North Shore," with its beautiful roads, its charming beaches, its rocks, and trees reaching to the ocean's edge, and its bracing, balmy air.



The Café at Old Delmonico's

THIS café, which was the haunt of so many of the *bons vivants*, is now a dream of the past. It is a question if another such gathering-place will be found in our generation. Our picture is an illustration for one of Mr. Brander Matthews's "Vignettes of Manhattan." Bob White meets on the street, one cold autumn day, his old college chum Johnny Carroll, whom ill-fortune had apparently marked for its own, and, despite his seedy appearance, invites his friend to share a Thanksgiving dinner with him at Delmonico's. "Then take me to the café," said Carroll; "I can stand the men, I think, but I am not in shape to go into the restaurant, where the women are."

For years this restaurant, situated on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street, Fifth Avenue, and Broadway, was one of the finest and most famous to be found in the world. Around its tables used to gather the well-to-do-men about town, and scattered among them one would find the brightest and wittiest in the land in every department of art and literature, as well as the other professions. The notable stranger within our gates was rarely permitted to depart without being the recipient of a dinner given here in his honor by his friends.



An Anxious Moment

TO lovers of the rod and reel this picture will particularly appeal. The little speckled beauty seems fairly hooked, but there is still fight in him, and the tackle is light and fragile, and there is no telling how many tangled roots and sharp-edged rocks may not lie directly beneath him when he takes his next desperate plunge. But, whether landed or lost, our fisherman has had the supreme delight of skilfully playing his fish, his exercise, and an hour or more, perhaps, with Mother Nature in one of her most fascinating moods. For it is the habit of the trout to linger in the quiet little pools, where the overhanging branches afford him grateful shade from the heat of the glaring sun. And he thrives best amidst the most beautiful surroundings, and as your true fisherman is a lover of nature, the added charm of the landscape gives an accent to the sport. Old Izaak Walton used to dwell as fondly over the habitat of the fish as over the fish itself; and W. C. Prime, in his "Among the Northern Hills," speaks of one of his favorite nooks as follows: "There are spots of ideal beauty all along the stream, where I have been accustomed to linger, and forget, and remember. . . . Then it spreads over a wider bed of cobble-stones, making as it descends two superb curves of beauty." Speaking of a fisherman whom he watched one day, the same writer says: "Passing his rod to the left hand, he began to use the reel with judgment, and the fish came nearer. Then he rushed, and the fingers left the reel to run, and the rod bowed a little down to the stream to ease the strain, and I saw his finger press the line against the rod to make it drag more heavily. So the fish did not go into the swift water below the pool, but, yielding to the persuasion of the rod, turned and gave it up." This might have been written as a description of our picture.

Cecil and Sylvia

OUR picture represents the outcome of an accident to Cecil Osborne's bicycle.

Nowhere in the country is to be found finer travelling for the wheelman than through the southern New England States, where the roads are generally so fine; and in many places near the larger towns they may be said to be absolutely perfect, with the elm and other trees lining the wayside, affording shady resting-places after long spins.

Yet, when least expected, the wheel will sometimes develop kinks, and the total depravity of inanimate things can never be accounted for, be they "'99 models" or collar-buttons. In the case of Mr. Osborne's mishap, it became necessary for him to stop the passing coach, which looks as if it might be a specimen of the "Concord" of other days, once thought to be the ideal vehicle for long journeys. Depositing his wheel on top, he enters the coach and finds a fair occupant, to whom, after the sociable manner of all wheelmen, he straightway makes himself agreeable, and, according to Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliot's account in "Miss Ann's Victory," "The ride seemed shorter after this, and great was Miss Miller's astonishment when Osborne helped Sylvia out of the stage and, loaded down with her traps, walked with her to the door."

Now at Miss Miller's the social circle had had a meeting, which was just breaking up when Sylvia arrived. That a strange man should be escorting Sylvia produced a flutter that was indescribable. The circle had been accustomed to having things done with procrastinating deliberation and much preliminary gossip. Knobhill was some such place as that where Old Josh died, after a prolonged illness, and a friend from a neighboring village, asking if his death was not very sudden, was answered, "Yes, kinder suddin fer him." And this affair was much too sudden for the social circle at Miss Miller's; but, if you may believe Miss Elliot, Sylvia and Osborne are now doing the "century" on a matrimonial tandem.

& KIND

"The Little Church Around the Corner"

AN ACTOR'S FUNERAL

IT may be questioned if there is a religious edifice in the country more widely known, and around which is centred so much genuine interest as in "The Little Church Around the Corner," the congregation of which was for so many years presided over by the Reverend George H. Houghton, a gentleman of the broadest humanity and an exemplar of the widest Christian charity. He knew no creed or sect when mourning friends asked his services in their bereavements; and during his life there were few actors or actresses, of whatever faith, or lack of it, who died in New York, who were not carried to their final resting-places through the portals of this picturesque little church, which is situated on Twenty-ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York city. Although the pastor is now gone, one looks back, when passing, with the thought that truly this was a sanctuary wherein the disciple followed the mandate of the Master, and preached His word of "Peace on earth and good will towards men."



Watching the Yacht Race off Marblehead

MARBLEHEAD is the home of the New England and Corinthian Yacht Clubs, and from here the Club races are started in the autumn months. From the high, rocky cliffs the eye takes in the whole North Shore as far as Cape Ann, and to the southward the whole of Boston Bay to Minot's Ledge Light. With a good glass, in favorable weather, the races can be followed from start to finish.

This old town, from the early settlers of which many of the finest families of the commonwealth of Massachusetts sprang, was once one of the important seaports of the New England coast. Its haunts and legends have ever been dear to the hearts of the New England poets. Here was the Devereaux Mansion, the ample fireplace of which, piled with the wreckage of old ships, inspired Longfellow's "Driftwood." And here was the home of Lucy Larcom's

"Poor lone Hannah, sitting at the window binding shoes,"

a poem that proved a factory girl to be one of the literary elect. Whittier, too, sang the song of

"Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead."

Although much of the glory of the place is a thing of the past, nature has still some nooks here to gladden the hearts of her lovers.

A Nor'easter at Asbury Park

ALTHOUGH the Cosmopolitan cannot be said to strongly resemble the much-admired bivalve whose reputed home is at "Blue Point, in one respect his dates are the same, and it would be equally useless to rake his beds, with any prospects of success, in any of the months of the year without an "r" in them. True it is that the canny expert in digging will occasionally find a stray specimen that will amply reward his labor, but from the first of May until the last of August they are not quoted on the social market. But whether it is owing to climatic changes or to the inefficiency of the Weather Bureau, it has come to pass that the "lotus-eater," nowadays, frequently prolongs his summer outing into September, when we have, in this latitude, such balmy, delightful days.

The New Jersey coast, from its convenient proximity to New York, holds its sojourner well into the autumn. Asbury Park is most fortunate in this respect, and if you be one of the elect who make this resort a temporary home, or are only a "looker-on in Vienna," you will find an abundance of incident there of one sort or another to amuse and entertain. When the nor'easters blow, as they are very apt to do about the middle of September, it is an even chance on the board walk at Asbury whether you are to have a sun or a water bath. One of the amusements of the old-stagers is to secure a coigne of vantage and watch for the mystical seventh wave, which comes with overwhelming power and, breaking against the embankment, dashes high over the wall, drenching the unwary, and, as it rises into the air, it is a beautiful sight to see the spray drifting swiftly to leeward, carrying tiny rainbows, imprisoned, in its flight. Our picture represents one of these occasions, which are as keenly enjoyed as are the renowned camp-meetings which attract such multitudes.



Cynthia Whitwell and her Father

THERE still exists in the New England States a strain of the old stock that conquered the wilderness. You find it in the remote country districts, where existence is one long struggle to obtain the barest necessities of life, where culture and refinement are almost unknown, but where the sturdy old Puritan ideas of the proprieties may be still met with. The hard, irresponsive soil never yields any premium on labor. The story of the man who went west to better his fortune, and after ten years boasted that "he came there without a dollar and had held his own ever since," might be said to describe the condition of some of the farmers in the most unfavored sections of the hilly districts. But there is an uprightness of character inherent in the people that adversity cannot crush. They are proud and self-reliant, and need only opportunity to develop. Of some such stock was Cynthia Whitwell and her father. Cynthia's faithless lover had yielded to the charms of a city belle; so, with her spirits somewhat crushed, she went to her father's house for comfort. Mr. W. D. Howells, in "The Landlord at Lion's Head," thus describes the incident:

"He sat down with his hat on, as his absent-minded habit was, and he now braced his knees against the edge of the table. Cynthia sat across it from him, with her head drooped over it, drawing vague figures on the board with her fingers. 'What are you goin' to do?'

"'I don't know,' she answered.

"'I guess you don't quite realize it yet,' her father suggested tenderly. 'Well, I don't want to hurry you any. Take your time.'

"'I guess I realize it,' said the girl."

And she did, and we are delighted to know that she finally came to her own, as we are told by Mr. Howells, with that charming, artistic repression of which he is a past-master.

Rumors of War

PICTURES treating the sterner realities of life have long been favorite subjects of the painters. We all recall the famous painting of Sir John Everett Millais' "The Black Brunswicker," one of a series of four, which depicts the parting between the young soldier and his lady-love on the eve of his departure for Waterloo. The sentiment of this picture appealed so strongly to the public that thousands of reproductions in the form of engravings and photographs have been sold in England and on the Continent, and also in this country. Another famous picture of the same general character, but on different lines, is the superb painting by Zamacois, entitled "The Education of a Prince." In this we see the prince rolling wooden balls at some toy soldiers which are placed at the farther end of a rug, while sycophantic courtiers, with simulated interest and attention, are watching the little fellow playing at war. In the same vein, but on still different lines, is Mr. Smedley's picture. The incident he portrays may have occurred just after the sinking of the *Maine* in Havana harbor. The inevitable is in the air, and the anxious attention of the couple is possibly in regard to a father, brother, or cousin, who may have received his notice, or, perhaps, the husband who holds the newspaper may be reading the news that tells him orders are imminent for him to join his regiment or ship. Meanwhile, with all the unknown possibilities in their thoughts, the fond parents forget for the moment the little son who plays with his soldiers without receiving the usual words of approbation. It is a picture of a happy home, which the first note of war may transform into one of sorrow and apprehension.

Jack and Kitty

THE summer girl of the present day has a new vantage-ground on which she can show her most captivating side. Time was when she needed a sea-shore or a mountain resort; a dream of fluttering beauty in white muslin, a moonlight night and a fan; but, as the young man of the period became more athletic, her adaptability showed itself in being equal to the requirements. Years ago the story used to be told of a "Paste Jewel" from the Emerald Isle, who, in writing home, described the American girl as "being high in bone and low in flesh, and about the color of a duck's fut." What would our Milesian chronicler say about our rosy-cheeked beauty now? With her stately carriage and her lithesome figure, she is without a peer.

The poet Alfred B. Street used to go to the top of the Catskills, "where he could breathe some of the Almighty's unappropriated air." Our summer girl gets the very next best quality of ozone when she is whirling along country roads on her bicycle, or, better still, when she is on the golf field. In her out-of-door costume she can display her most artistic taste in the way of personal adornment, and show her subtle gracefulness to the most killing advantage. The inevitable, of course, happens. Mr. Gustav Kobbé describes one instance in his story, "Colonel Bogie." Jack and Kitty had been playing golf, and Jack was troubled with some heartburnings about a supposed rival, Colonel Bogie, and this was the result: Kitty said: "There has been a Colonel Bogie since the year one of golf. The 'bogie' score for Matinicock is eighty-one, and when we start to do better we're playing against 'Colonel Bogie.' He's an imaginary character—an ideal golfer—like yourself." . . . "That night I sat on the dunes with Kitty and watched the moon rise."



Easter Sunday on Fifth Avenue, New York

EASTER is a festival season which has been observed from the earliest time by both Jew and Gentile. It is held sacred by Christians in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour, and is coincident with the Passover of the Hebrew Church, in thanksgiving for their deliverance from the sword of the Destroying Angel in the old Egyptian days. With Christians it has always been a sort of movable feast, occurring sometimes in March and sometimes in April. Pius I., about 147, issued a decretal fixing the date of its observance, but it was not until 541 that the Fourth Council of Orleans ordained that it should be celebrated on the same day by all Christians; and even then, owing to the disparity between the Old and New Style of computation of time, there were different dates for its observance. In 1752 it was decided that the ceremony should occur on the 14th day after the calendar moon, which is not our heavenly moon, but one that has been set up by the ecclesiastics.

On Easter, the Pope at Rome, from his balcony, at mid-day pronounces a blessing upon the whole world. At night, St. Peter's is illuminated.

The Anglo-Saxons celebrated the day in honor of Eostre, the goddess of love and spring, whose natal month was April, when all nature is in bloom.

In this country the churches are generally decorated with flowers, among which the Easter lily holds a prominent place, and our young lassies, and some of the old ones, too, come out in fresh and radiant colors that are quite in touch with all living things, which are rejoicing that the dreary days of winter are past. Easter Sunday on Fifth Avenue near St. Thomas's Church, the portal of which is seen on the right in our picture, is a day long to be remembered. It is a sort of moving bouquet of humanity.



Jack Lamont and Lawyer Burrowes

IN Mr. Julian Ralph's "Angel in a Web," he pictures a character, much more common than it should be, of a young gentleman of leisure without any visible means of support, whose necessities have driven him to a pass where it becomes a question of work or crime. An old uncle lies at the point of death, and Jack, fearing that he may be cut off with a shilling, resolves to get possession of the will, and, if need be, to destroy it. He induces an innocent young girl to go into the room of the dying man and get the key of the safe, which is always placed on the table near the old man's bedside. Fortunately her mission fails, owing to the vigilance of a trusty servant. Meanwhile another scene takes place in the same house, which is thus described by Mr. Ralph:

"Hardly had the housekeeper had time to reach the Colonel's room, when Jack Lamont sauntered into the dining-room, with a bold assumption of nonchalance, and bade Mr. Burrowes good-morning.

"The lawyer asked him sharply how he came there. He replied that he had let himself in with his own key, and asked who had a better right. He added that he was about to go to his home in the city, and, as he had left some things in the house, he came, on his last visit, to take them away. Besides, he had also wanted to see Mr. Burrowes, and, being told at the gate that he was not to be admitted any more, he had taken the liberty to vault over the wall and admit himself. He wanted to know definitely, he said, whether his uncle intended to leave him an annuity, or a present, or nothing at all.

"'Well, sir,' said the lawyer, 'I tried to make your position clear to you yesterday. If I failed, then there is nothing for me to do but to put your case in your uncle's exact words: "You will get nothing," he told me, "if you leave this neighborhood. If you remain, you may get a term in prison."'"

Fifth Avenue, New York

WITHIN the memory of many comparatively young New-Yorkers, Depau Row, on Bleecker Street, was the most palatial mansion, or series of mansions, in the city, and when our country cousins came to town they went there first to feast their eyes on the outside splendor of the structure. It is now the home of a portion of that polyglot European crowd which has kindly adopted us.

Fourteenth Street became the fashion next, and then the "Avenue." Our view is on Fifth Avenue looking north towards the southern entrance to Central Park. The building in the distance, on the left, is the residence of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of the finest and most expensive in the city, occupying the space on the Avenue between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Streets. Beyond, one gets a glimpse of the Park.

Here, and on the side-streets in the neighborhood, live many of the most wealthy of our merchants and professional men, and on fine, sunny afternoons one may see an array of fashion and beauty that cannot be matched elsewhere; for our women not only know how to dress, but they are keenly alive to the styles that are most becoming to them, and, better than all, they have the knack of carrying their clothes in a manner that makes the ensemble a delight to the eye. And their color sense is so fine, and they are so handsome, that one with an artistic perception has much the same feeling that he gets in his first glance at a gallery of choice pictures. While all this is passing on the sidewalk, hundreds of the finest appointed carriages are carrying their fair occupants to the Park or to afternoon teas. This scene is repeated every fair week-day until the summer exodus to Stockbridge, Lenox, or Newport. Then the Avenue is deserted.

Curtis Van Dyne and the Judge

IN politics one meets with strange bedfellows, and in no city does one find such anomalies as in New York. To whichever party you belong, you see, if you are an observing man, a curious mixture of all that is good and bad in the bosses and their adherents. In municipal matters, where no great, vital principles are involved, and only the well-ordered conditions of our daily life should be considered, we have a state of things that for a moment would not be tolerated in the administration of any corporation or large business house. That the *hoi polloi* should look upon the city treasury as a grab-bag, from which the biggest, coarsest hand may drag forth the most booty, is not to be wondered at, as they have not, by birth or education, what Mr. Jack Hopkins calls "a nice sense of honor"; but we look with wonderment, at times, at the names of reputable men allied to the list of plunderers. Van Dyne was one of these. He had not succeeded in his law practice, but he was one of the cultured class, so-called, and the district leaders looked to him to lend an air of respectability to their schemes, and in a moment of weakness he had almost yielded. Judge Jerningham heard of his contemplated alliance with the organization, and, meeting him, discussed the situation: "If you join the organization, if you are hail-fellow-well-met with all the Pat McCanns in the city," retorted the Judge, sternly, "if you sink to that level, you would certainly leave your children something very different from what your father left you." A moment later he meets the district leader on the steps of the City Hall, and Mr. Brander Matthews, in his story "On the Steps of the City Hall," thus describes his revulsion of feeling: "Van Dyne drew back instinctively. Never before had Pat McCann's high hat seemed so shiny or Pat McCann's coat so very furry." His vernacular was too much of a dose. It was like that of a high city official who recently excused himself for not taking action against a certain journal by saying: "I'm not the feller to stack up against the newspapers," a most felicitous combination of Bowery slang and thieves' jargon. And this "feller" is the sort of man who advocates the destruction of the New York City Hall—because there is boodle in it—an edifice that is rightly regarded by architects as one of the finest examples of its kind in the country.

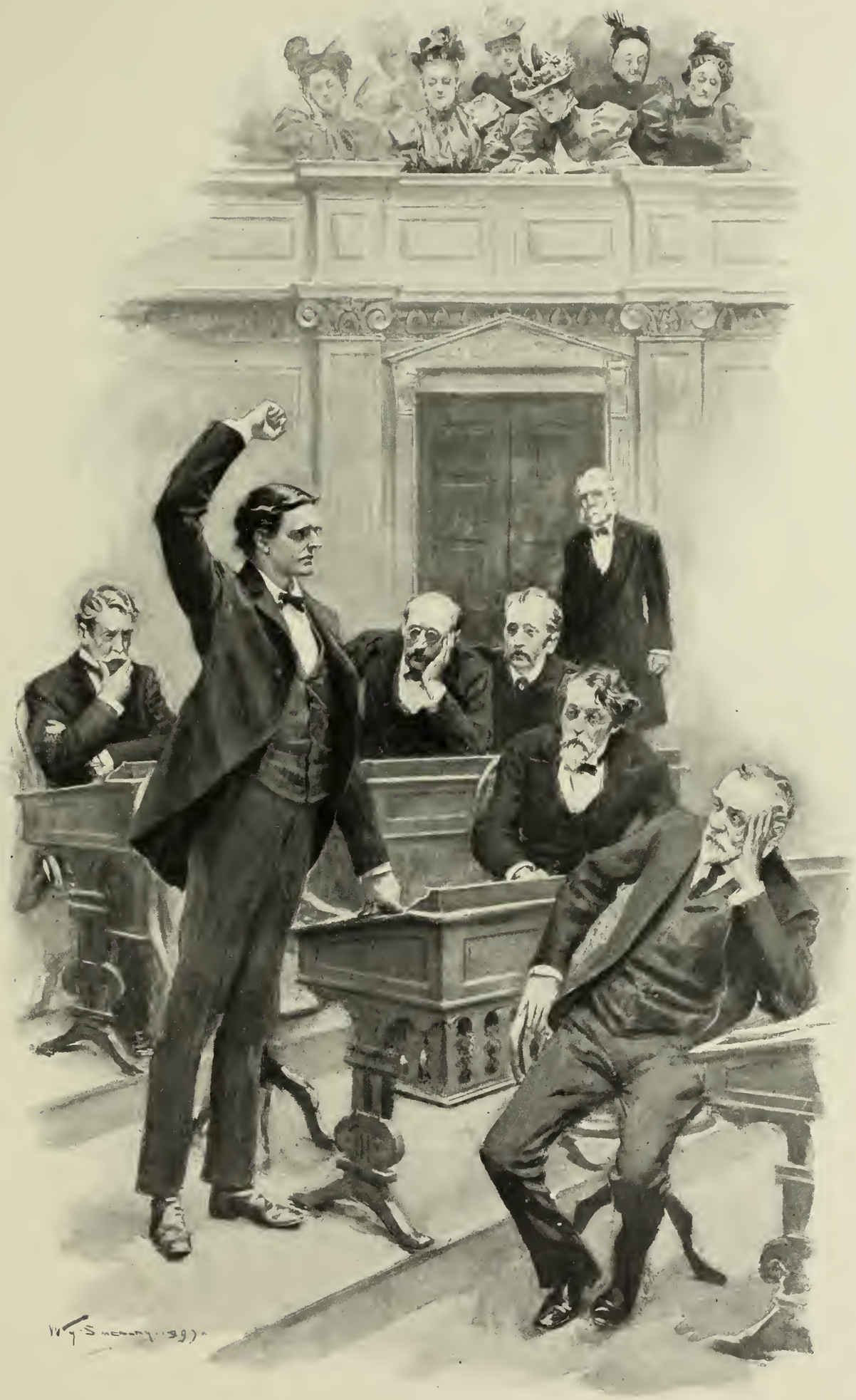


Boone Stallard

THE gift of oratory, like the sense of color, is something that cannot be taught, except to a very limited extent; it must be born in one, and whoever has it must surely make his mark. The South and West, in times past, produced some notable speakers, such as Randolph, Calhoun, Douglas, and Henry Clay, a Kentuckian, as was Stallard, Mr. John Fox's hero in his novel "The Kentuckians." How long Stallard's power might have lain dormant is a question, but the easy generalities of a fellow-member of the Legislature touched a chord in his nature that roused him. His opportunity had come. He was an unknown quantity in the House, but, being stung by the injustice of the remarks of the previous speaker, he threw his whole being into the fight, and Mr. Fox thus describes the incident:

"No reason was apparent, but at the sound of his voice the House turned towards him with the silence of premonition. One by one the wrinkles came into the Speaker's strong, placid face. Marshall, quick to feel merit and generous to grant it, had straightened in his chair. The old Governor, going out, was halted by the voice at the door. And one, who himself loved the Governor's daughter, remembered long afterwards that she leaned suddenly towards the man, with her eyes wide and her face quite tense with absorption. The secret was in more than his simple bigness, in more than his massive head and heavy hair, in more, even, than in the extraordinary voice that came from him. It was an electric recognition of force—the force with which Nature does her heavy work under the earth and in the clouds; and here and there an old member knew that a prophet was among them."

Here was a case where opportunity and a God-given ability went hand in hand. We can all of us recall an instance in the late war, where, in other lines, the same result was obtained.
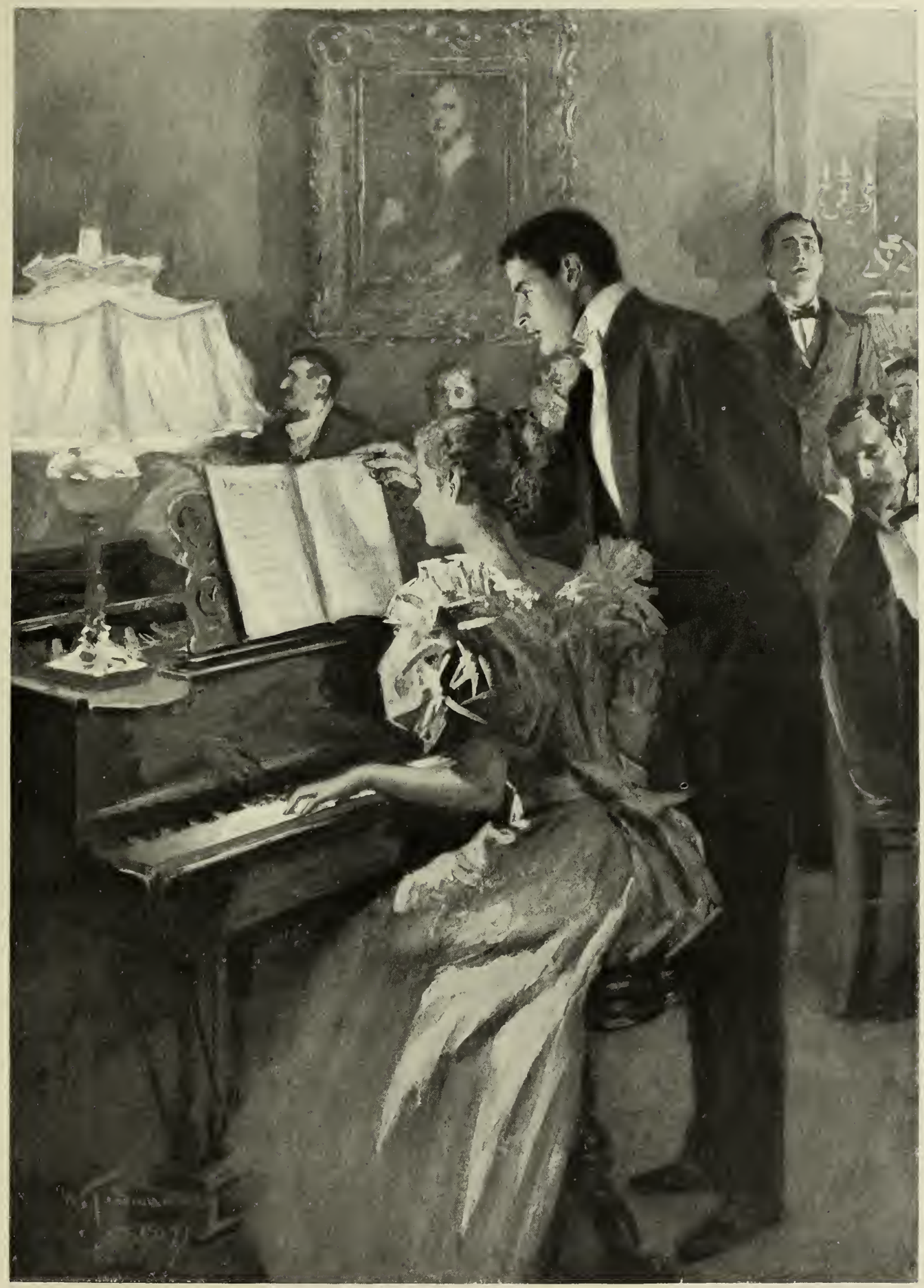


Alice Bruce and Randolph Marshall

IT was Marshall who roused in Stallard (who is shown on the preceding page) a "storm of feeling that threatened to engulf his brain." Not that Marshall was aggressive or vindictive, he was simply too narrow, but he had a charm of manner that is described by Mr. Fox as follows:

"It was oratory that one hears rarely now, even in the South. There was an old-fashioned pitch to a vibrant voice, the fire of strong feeling in the fearless eye, an old-fashioned grace and dignity of manner, and a dash that his high color showed to be not wholly natural. The speech was old-fashioned, emotional, the sentences full, swinging, poetic, rich with imagery and classical allusion. And always—in voice, eye, bearing, and gesture—was there gallant consciousness of the gallery behind. More than once his eyes swept the curve of it; and when he came to pay his unfailing tribute to the women of his land, he turned quite around, until his back was upon the Speaker and his uplifted face straight towards the Governor's daughter."

Unquestionably Marshall was clever and cultured, with all the easy, graceful polish of a man of the world; so when, later, a company had gathered in the evening at the Governor's house, we are not surprised to read that, as Alice seated herself to sing, "Marshall went at once to the piano to select a song for her. He could both sing and play, but he would rarely do either. Music and art, for men at least, are yet in serious disfavor through the South, and it is not wise for a man with a serious purpose of law or politics before him to show facility in light accomplishments." Meanwhile, during the evening, "when Alice sang, Stallard's eyes never left her face." And the manner in which Stallard worked out his destiny is well worth the reading.



Morro Castle

AFTER peace was concluded with Spain, the managers of one of our ocean greyhounds organized an excursion to various points of interest on the sea-coasts of Cuba and Puerto Rico. Among other places visited was the harbor of Santiago, made ever memorable by the gallant exploit of Lieutenant Hobson in sinking the *Merrimac* at the mouth of the harbor to "bottle up" Cervera's fleet. That the desired object was not accomplished detracts nothing from the heroic character of the act. One of the principal objects of interest in the neighborhood was Morro Castle, on the eastern highland at the entrance to the harbor, where Hobson was imprisoned after his capture, and of which Admiral Sampson was duly notified. As the destruction or disablement of this strong fortification was necessary before the harbor could be entered by our vessels, inasmuch as a plunging fire from its guns, two or three hundred feet above the narrow entrance, would in all probability annihilate our ships, the courtly descendants of the hidalgos of Spain, or such pinchbeck imitations of them as were in command, placed our valiant sailor-boy in one of the dungeons of the fortress, the destruction of which meant death to him. This was the last and most characteristic act of a people once great, who held at one time all of the Antilles and a good portion of North and South America; and who, by lack of capacity and ruthless cupidity, roused one section after another, until their possessions on this side of the globe were reduced to the two islands which have just been released from thraldom. When the Stars and Stripes were raised over this castle, the last vestige of Spanish power disappeared from the Western Hemisphere.

The door shown on the right of the picture is the entrance to the dungeon in which Hobson was confined, and it will always be an object of interest to future sight-seers on the island.



Laura's Troubles Begin

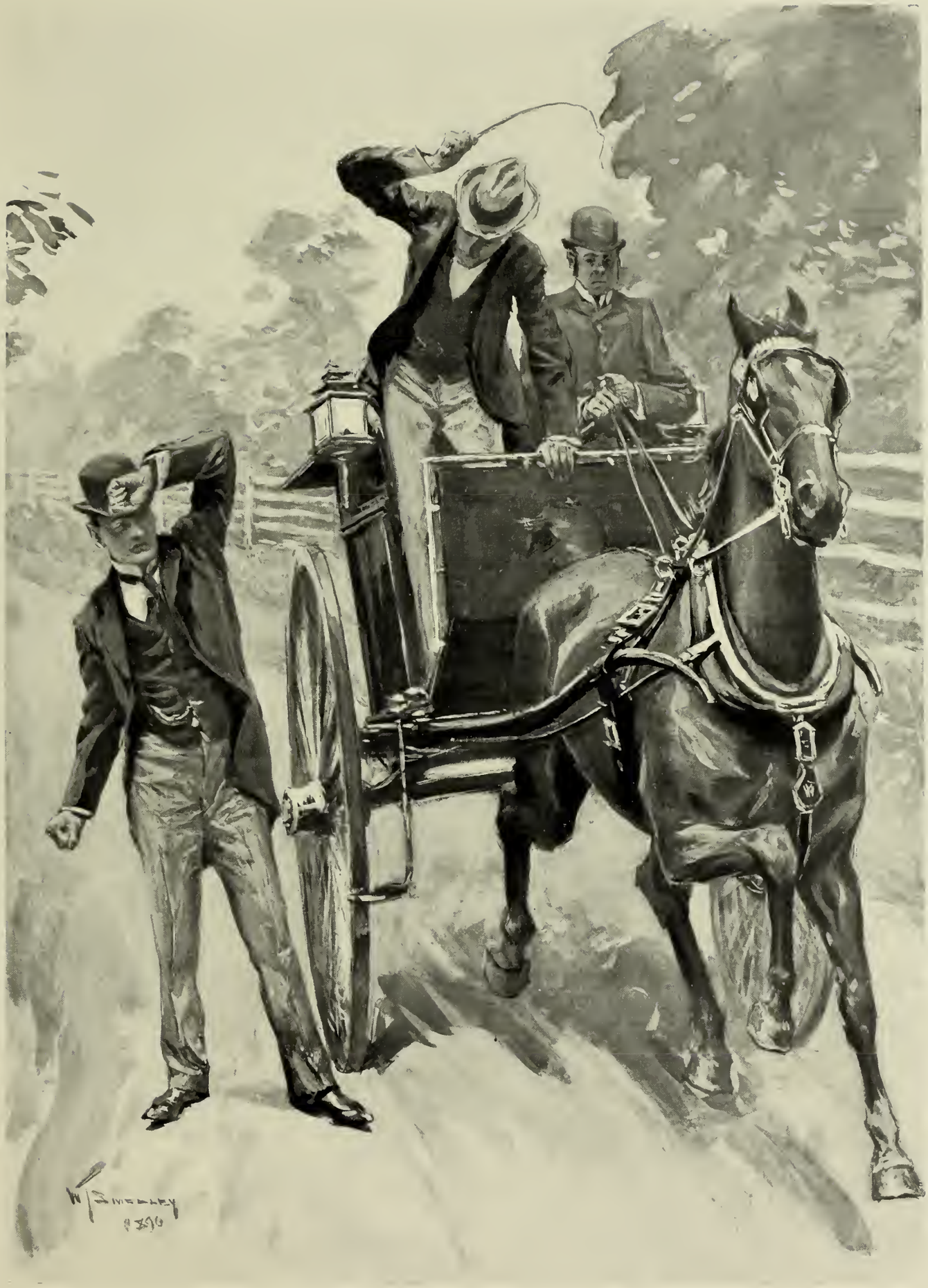
IN "An Angel in a Web" Mr. Julian Ralph tells the old, old story, made ever new by graceful handling, of the irony of fate that at times besets the lives of many an innocent one. An ill-assorted marriage, a faithless husband, and then the inevitable struggle of a proud, well-born woman to keep herself and daughter from the fangs of the wolf which seems ever at the door. From bad to worse the hapless pair finally drift to the shelter of a laborer's house in the immediate vicinity of the rich relatives of the mother, the identity of whom is quite unknown to the daughter. The mother, broken in spirit, at last becomes broken in mind, and poor Laura, left to her own resources, is driven from the house of the drunken woman with whom she lodged. A worthless cur, Bill Heintz, knowing her to be without money and believing her to be without friends, looks upon her with covetous eyes. He was bragging to some of his fellow-hoodlums of his alleged conquest, when, "As he spoke, Laura Balm turned a near corner and approached the group with a quick, firm step. Her slender, muscular body, outlined with the promising curves of girlhood, was draped with a gown which fitted her as a deer is fitted by its fur. She held herself rigidly erect, her head was high, and in her blue eyes no more than in her gait was there any hint of misgiving." This is the girl to whom Heintz spoke as follows: "I jest said how—er—I reckoned we ought to be—er—pardners. . . . Well, look-a-here," he said, after a long pause, "we can drift along together, and—that is—I mean—and let me find work—for you to earn money—you see, and—"

Surely Laura's troubles had really begun, but there is a little angel who sits up aloft who is watching over others besides "Poor Jack."

POST OFFICE

Jeff and Alan Lynde

JEFF DURGIN, the son of Mr. Howells's "Landlord at Lion's Head," was born up among the New England hills, and his out-of-door life had so developed his frame and hardened his muscles that physically he was a fine specimen of a man; and while the attrition consequent upon his college course had somewhat refined him, he still had an uncouthness of manner and speech that caused his Harvard friends and associates to dub him a "jay." Among his other acquaintances was Alan Lynde, a member of one of the old "Back Bay" families, who, while fraternizing with him as a man, resented his assumption of social equality, and particularly objected to his rather open attention to his sister, Miss Lynde, who had certainly encouraged Jeff, as his hardihood and eccentricities rather amused her. All three had attended the Commencement exercises on the College Green, and Lynde was much disturbed that his exclusive friends should have witnessed the apparently cordial relations between the "jay" and his sister. Jeff had in a measure distinguished himself in the scramble for the flowers about the tree, and had secured a bunch which he intended to present to Miss Lynde as a mark of his favor. The day had ended not quite to his liking, so as a child of nature he sought relief in physical exercise. Arraying himself in his walking-costume, he started for a long spin, as was his custom. He soon left the city of Cambridge behind him, and, while striding along the road, with his thoughts in somewhat of a tangle, he was brought to himself rather sharply by receiving a stinging cut on the face from a driving-whip wielded by Alan Lynde, who came up behind him in his dog-cart and struck him as he dashed by. It was not a nice thing for a member of one of the first families to do; in fact, we are strongly inclined to think that it would have been rather disgraceful if done by a meaner member of one of the second families; and, later, Mr. Lynde had reason to regret his cowardly act.



Gladys in Evidence

THE interesting subject of the manner of the birth and development of intelligence in children is engaging the attention of some scientists on both sides of the Atlantic. How much is due to environment and how much to heredity is a question. The old painters used to typify the birth of the soul—or mind—by painting the figure of a beautiful young girl (Psyche) intently watching the fluttering of a butterfly. But how or whence comes the intelligence that enables the little mind to realize its surrounding?

In "David Copperfield" Mr. Dickens tells of a visit by Mr. Murdstone to a friend, with little David, to whose mother he was about to be married, and David relates the interview.

"'What! Bewitching Mrs. Copperfield's encumbrance?' cried the gentleman. 'The pretty little widow?'

"'Quinion,' said Murdstone, 'take care, if you please. Somebody's sharp!'

"'Who is?' asked the gentleman, laughing.

"I looked up quickly, being curious to know.

"'Only Brooks of Sheffield,' said Murdstone.

"I was quite relieved to find it was only Brooks of Sheffield, for at first I thought it was I."

Now little Gladys, in Marguerite Merrington's "The Bishop's Memory," would have grasped the situation at once. She had been taking lessons on the bicycle, and her governess was taught also, in order that she might accompany the children on their rides, and Gladys, speaking of them, tells her mother that "Waters is as slow as slow. I'm not slow. There is nothing I can't learn."

"Don't be conceited, Gladys," said her mother. "I wonder why Miss Waters doesn't teach you not to be conceited." Then, speaking across the child to a friend, "Bright," she remarked—"bright as a new dollar."

Bright she was, and we really cannot quarrel with the pertness of the child, but we are disposed to think that a few lessons in a training-school might benefit the mother. The *enfant terrible* is largely the product of environment as well as of heredity.



Pet Dogs at the Doorway of an English Shop

DOGS have been pets since the trouble in the Garden of Eden, we believe (if they were domesticated at that time), and, as faithful followers and friends of humanity, they have been favorite themes for poet and painter from the earliest period. In our younger days we used to hang lovingly over the pictures of the magnificent St. Bernard dogs that were buffeting their way through the howling snow-storms in the Alps, with little kegs of brandy or liqueur fastened about their necks, seeking for belated, frost-bitten travellers. Then came "Rab and his Friends," which made a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of us before the one with so many initials had its first meeting. And we also enjoyed the self-sacrificing collie, which knew instinctively that sheep had no sense, and so would "round them up" on the approach of a Scottish blizzard, and never leave them until they were safely sheltered. And, later, we sympathized with Little Billie, in "Trilby," when, racked with contending emotions, he took Tray on a walk with him to the sea-shore and unburdened his heart to him. And how admirably the dog responded! for Du Maurier says that when Little Billie tenderly spoke the name of Alice, "Tray uttered a soft, cooing, nasal croon in his head register, though he was a barytone dog by nature, with portentous warlike chest-notes of the jingo order." Of course, Tray took in the situation.

Mr. Ralph speaks of other kinds of dogs in his "English Characteristics." Our picture shows the door-way of a fashionable shop in London. Here, he says, "the collection of pet dogs left at the door-ways of the big stores, chained up and cared for by porters in gold lace while the dogs' mistresses are in-doors, makes one of the sights of the town."

HABIT MAKE

Christmas Protecting Laura

IN one of our previous pictures we had Laura Balm and Bill Heintz. Then Laura had her first inkling of the pitfalls that beset her, followed now by that which gave her a feeling of terror. Pursuing his course, Bill said, "'Well, I'm—' thrusting his bestial face almost against hers, nastily, to put an end to any doubt of his intentions. 'If it's talking straight you want, I'll talk straight every time. You and me's pardners, and you can't help yourself. I'm a bad egg, I am, and I'm worse when I get riled. Everybody knows I'm bad, and everybody knows you've come away with me, and we've took the road together. You can't never hold your head up after this—d'ye see? So what's the use of kicking? Whatever I say 'll be believed, and I'll say whatever suits me. Now you just climb along till I say stop.' . . . At the same instant a farm gate opened close beside them, and Christmas stepped through it and upon the road. Following an impulse, he had reached the scene quickly by a short cut across the fields. His stout staff was grasped by its middle in his muscular right hand. At sight of him the bully shrank back a few steps.

"'Walk where you please,' said Christmas, 'but come within reach of this stick and I'll beat you like a carpet. Now the young lady and I will be going along.'"

Christmas was a gray-bearded, Rip Van Winkle sort of chap, rather weak in his old legs, but stout of arm and heart. He was beloved by all the children in the village, and was never happier than when he had them gathered around him to listen to his wonderful stories about impossible kittens and frogs and toads and dogs. And when he saw Laura in danger —she was hardly beyond the age of childhood—he came to the rescue like a chivalrous knight-errant of old.



Virginia Reeves and the Pickets

IT was "Between the Lines at Stone River," during the War of the Rebellion, that the scene occurred, as described by Mr. F. A. Mitchell, which is pictured here. There is something very inspiring in the appearance of a manly fellow, in uniform, who takes his life in his hands to uphold the honor of his country's flag, and the heart of the impressionable little maiden invariably goes out to him. It was always thus, for,

> "The form of Hercules affects the sylph,
> And hands of snow in palms of russet lie."

Our Yankee officer accosts the Confederate maiden in this wise:

"'How did you get through the Confederate lines?'

"'The officer of the picket let me come. His regiment was made up from about here. They all know me. I told them my mother was very ill.'

"'And they let you take the risk?'

"'They tried to dissuade me, but you see I had to come. The medicine was needed. The doctor said it was mamma's only hope. I must take it home at once.'"

Time passed. There was some heavy fighting, and with the changing vicissitudes of war our officer again found himself in the neighborhood of the Reeves farm, and his thoughts turned, not for the first time, on the girlish figure that risked death in discharge of its filial duty.

"'I know you are very young, but you need not fear that I will hold you to your promise if you wish to be released.'

"She put her thin arms around my neck and looked up at me with eyes which bespoke the fulness of her heart. 'I will never wish to be released.'"

And so in those early days two hearts were united as the two sections have since become, with the old flag waving over us all.



Deer-Stalking

DEER-STALKING in the Scotch Highlands is a quality of sport that it is best not to indulge in without due deliberation and preparation. The old Highlanders, of course, make nothing of it in any season. We recall a story of a party of these hardy Scots, who, in pursuit of the deer, were overtaken by night and a heavy snow-storm, which compelled them to halt where they were, on the hills. One of the youngsters, thinking to make himself comfortable, rolled up a great snowball to serve him as a pillow, but he was deprived of this luxury by his old papa kicking it from under his head, at the same time berating him for his effeminacy. It was possibly this same old man who objected to having a stove put into the kirk to warm it in the severe winter weather, claiming that, if they could have sermons as hot and strong as those which he listened to in his youth, there would be no need to waste coal on the Sabbath.

In "Briseis" Mr. William Black thus describes the experience of a city gentleman who was ambitious to possess a pair of antlers:

"First they went down these steep and ragged slopes until they reached the glen below; then they got into a winding channel filled with oozy peat-water, and that they followed for half a mile, sinking into the dark-brown mud at every step; then (after vigilant circumspection) they crossed an open piece of morass that was more of a quaking bog than anything else, with patches of bright green that spoke of holes ready to engulf them; and at last they found comparative shelter in a rocky ravine, up which they painfully toiled. By this time the spick-and-span attire with which monseigneur had started away in the morning was in a deplorable condition, and he himself was little better. He was black up to the thighs; his face was bespattered (for he had stumbled once or twice over stumps and had come down heavily); his hair was matted and streaming with perspiration; his long mustache was now all loose and ragged and forlorn."

Verily, except for those who were raised on a diet of oatmeal and "whusky," we can fancy that a well-groomed cob and Rotten Row would present more points for quiet enjoyment.

A Horse-Show Supper at the Waldorf

THE vagaries of fashion are hard to understand. Time was when the leisure class of New York used to bend all its energies for display and magnificent toilets upon the "Charity Ball." With an alleged eleemosynary object in view, it was accustomed to assemble at the old Academy of Music, at Irving Place and Fourteenth Street—that is, the female portion of it did—in costumes that had taxed the inventive skill of Worth and other Parisian *couturières*, to say nothing of the native talent, for months before the function. It was well worth the price of admission for the simple enjoyment of seeing the array of beauty and dress, though possibly not a single one in the multitude had the honor of being on your visiting-list. But it got to be an old story, and then came — the Horse Show. To the uninitiated this announcement carries no sense of fashionable display with it, but lovely woman is equal to any occasion that affords an opportunity for showing her taste in the graceful adornment of her person, so at these gatherings we find as many notable costumes as at the other affair. The Show lasts only one week, but it draws together most of the presentable figures in New York and the neighborhood, partly to evidence their love for horses, largely to show their gowns. But the limitations of a box rather circumscribe the opportunity, which in part accounts for the need for supper after the Show. Then go to the Waldorf. Let your appetite wait while you feast your eyes on a collection of beauties unmatched in any gathering of the world. Each woman seems to have a distinct charm of her own, and each her captivating individuality, and you hear more horsy talk than you could gather at a score of agricultural fairs. And to-morrow—What next?

A London Bobby

OUR picture of a London "bobby" has for its background a bit of old St. Paul's, that masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren's, in the centre of the busiest spot on the globe. Here Ludgate Hill and Cannon Street meet, and the bustle and traffic of the town congest the neighborhood, impressing us with the commercial mightiness of our English cousins of to-day, whom we mentally contrast with their forefathers, who lived in a time when the whim of a tyrant was law and individual rights were unknown. And you are apt to remember what Macaulay says of the people when the Romans came: "They were little superior to the natives of the Sandwich Islands"; and under the Saxons: "They were still performing savage rites in the temples of Thor and Woden." But to-day London is the most intelligently governed city in the world, and the people are perhaps the most law-abiding to be found anywhere. Here the "bobby" stands as a representative of the majesty of the law, and is respected accordingly. He has only to raise his finger, and cabby and costermonger instantly obey the signal. He is very proud of his uniform and power, and is as exacting in the respect that is due to his cloth as he is in giving it to those who are above him in rank. He is said to be attentively gallant to the pretty housemaids and cooks on his beat, many of whom are certainly very inviting; but when duty calls he is then a part of the machinery of the government, and woe betide the transgressor.


Go To
PICCADILLY
CIRCUS

An Afternoon Spin on Riverside Drive

WHEN completed, the Riverside Drive will be one of the most beautiful attractions of the metropolis. Commencing at Seventy-second Street, at a considerable elevation above the Hudson River, it runs north for half a mile or more, when it slopes gradually to the river level at Eighty-sixth Street, and then rises in a series of graceful undulations until it reaches Grant's Tomb at One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, extending about a quarter of a mile beyond. The roadway for carriages and bicycles is the finest possible, and on the river side is a foot-path running the whole length, while here and there, between it and the driveway, are stretches of bridle-paths, where the soft earth invites a brisk gallop. A massive wall runs the length of the Drive, with openings at intervals, and steps leading down to the river level, which, at certain points, is more than a hundred feet below. On the slopes, which are now being terraced, are some fine old trees, and scattered among them are benches for resting-places. The blemishes of the place are the freight tracks of the Hudson River Railroad, and one or two unsightly shops and warehouses, which are unkempt eyesores, on the river's edge. It is only a question of time when these things will be removed, and then, with a sea-wall and driveway along the river's bank, the beauty of the place will be increased tenfold. From the elevated portions of the Drive one has a prospect down the river, with the blue hills of Staten Island in the distance, and across and north, as far as the eye can reach, one sees the beautiful Palisades and the moving panorama of the noble river's traffic. It is difficult to imagine a more picturesque three miles than we have here, and the idler may spend an enjoyable hour or two seated on one of the many benches lining the footway watching the stream of carriages with the gay occupants, the ever-merry bicyclers with their varied costumes, and the jaunty equestrians that pass you in an endless stream.

Briseis and her Uncle

A SINCERE love of nature betokens a gentle, peaceful spirit. What charming glimpses we get of the beauties of the woods as given us by such men as Thoreau in his descriptions of what he saw about Walden Pond! How carefully he noted every living thing, and how delightfully he puts us in touch with them! Remember how sympathetically White of Selborne writes about the common barn-swallow. He makes it a very joy to listen to them. And, later, Lowell says: "My walk under the Pines would lose half its summer charm were I to miss that shy anchorite, the Wilson's thrush, nor hear in haying-time the metallic ring of his song." And even of those disreputable tramps, the cuckoos, he writes: "I would not, if I could, convert them from their pretty, pagan ways."

Some such a man was the uncle of Briseis, who went with her botanizing over the hills in search of wild treasures.

"Not too near—not too near!" exclaimed this small, nervous-looking man, who nevertheless had apple-tinted cheeks and bright gray eyes. "Briseis, I tell you this is a day of days for me—a day of days indeed! You will remember it all the days of your life when you come to understand. Do you know what this is?"

She followed the direction of his finger, and saw on the ground in front of him some scattered patches of white waxen-looking flowers, which she thought might be one of the stitchworts or some such thing; for, notwithstanding her long spring, and summer, and autumn rambles with this devoted enthusiast, she had not picked up much botanical lore.

"It is *Silene alpestris!*" he said, excitedly. "Don't you understand?"

The Old Guard's Ball

AT one time the "Old Guard" was the crack military organization of the city of New York. It ranked somewhat as does now the First Corps of the "Boston Cadets," and its members were carefully chosen to show off the handsome white uniforms and the enormous black shakoes which were so overpowering in their magnificence and such an unspeakable delight to the admiring crowd. As a show company, the Guard made a brave appearance, and there was, likely as not, some real good fighting stuff under all this tinsel and fine clothes. But what a contrast to the fighting garb of the "Rough Riders"! That will have its day, as did the Zouave uniform which was so dear to the French heart that the services of the recruiting sergeant were seldom needed; and during our Civil War it had a like magical effect. To-day the "Old Guard," like the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery" of Boston, while it keeps its organization, appears on parade only on some special occasions, and is not enrolled among the State militia. But each winter the corps gives a grand ball, and then the old-timers come to the front resplendent in gold lace and other military gewgaws. Recently the Metropolitan Opera-House was the scene of the festivities, and there was gathered a notable array of military men and others prominent in business and social life. While it can lay no claim to being a fashionable affair, it is one of the best-dressed and enjoyable balls given in the city. Inasmuch as there is much wealth among the *habitués*, we see many fine costumes and diamonds, and other jewelry galore. The entertainments are handled by men of large experience and executive ability, and are quite remarkable for the smoothness with which the several features succeed each other and for the perfection of every detail.



The Guide's Mishap

TO thoroughly enjoy travel one should start with a mind moderately free from care, and with a bill of exchange of sufficient size to make the consideration of petty expenses unnecessary. He should also have a fairly definite idea of what he desires most to see, and a smattering of book knowledge of it. In "Prue and I," Mr. Curtis says: "So I begin to suspect a man must have Italy and Greece in his heart and mind if he would ever see them with his eyes." With this preparation he has no need for a *valet de place*, except to look after the detail of luggage. And, as far as possible, one should dispense with the services of the custodians in the various show-places. Mr. William Winter was much distressed by the discourse of a Beef-Eater in the Tower of London, who harped upon "The 'ard fate of the Hurl of Hessex" when standing on the spot where the earl lost his life, and he says: "Very hard it was for the listener, as well as the language, to hear his name so persecuted." And we remember, at the conclusion of the tour of the rooms in Windsor Castle, when we came to the winding stair that led to the ground, how the attendant disturbed our historical reverence with, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, this is the hentrance hout."

Mr. March, in Mr. Howells's "Their Silver Wedding Journey," secured the services of an ex-waiter, now the keeper of a small restaurant, to show him the galleries, and the incident is thus described:

"In his zeal to do something he possessed himself of March's overcoat when they dismounted at the first gallery, and let fall from its pocket the prophylactic flask of brandy, which broke with a loud crash on the marble floor in the presence of several masterpieces, and perfumed the whole place. The masterpieces were some excellent works of Luke Kranach, who seemed the only German painter worth looking at when there were any Dutch or Italian painters near; but the travellers forgot the name and nature of the Kranachs, and remembered afterwards only the shattered fragments of the brandy-flask, just how it looked on the floor, and the fumes—how they smelt!—that rose from the ruin."



Kitty at the First Tee

"WHEN I discovered that I was in love with Kitty," said Jack, "I went to see Marian." Marian was an old flame of Jack's, and as the flame died out it left the glowing embers of friendship, so he naturally consulted her about Kitty, of whom it was said, "There was just a touch of the new woman in Kitty, a pinch of mannishness that meant 'Keep off the grass' for any sentimental trespasser." Now, Kitty was a crack golf-player, and, as Jack was not athletically inclined, Marian said, "There is one thing you will have to learn, or you won't stand a chance — golf." Jack knew nothing about golf, so to the game he straightway devoted himself, and soon after it came to pass that he was fortunate enough to be in a match with Kitty, whose appearance is thus described:

"Nothing could be more fetching-looking than Kitty as she faced the globe in her golfing suit. She wore a crisp straw hat ribboned with the club colors, a buff waist with loose sleeves that rustled and crinkled in the breeze, a rough grass-cloth tie in a jaunty bow, a russet belt, a short whip-cord skirt faced with leather, Scotch gaiters, and pointed tan shoes." Surely nothing more desirable could be asked in a partner, and Jack played with a life object in view. It came Jack's turn to play, and he says: "I heard the click, I saw the ball vanish over the bevelled edge, and then I watched Kitty. She gave a little start, then there was a shout and a forward move of the onlookers, and then Kitty fairly flew down the hill towards me, and I felt her seize my hand and shake it as if she would wring it off."

Of course, Mr. Kobbe's story could end in only one way, and this was the way: "No one was about the club-house. The caddies were lounging down by the 'Mews,' and the junior annex was deserted. There was no one to see us but the Sun, and he was, unlike myself, under a cloud. So I kissed Kitty." In this manner the ghost of "Colonel Bogie" was laid.

THE MILLING.

The Street-Crossing Sweeper

A CROSSING sweeper in London has his stand, which is as much his own as if he had a fee-simple to the flagging and the mud thereon. One would no sooner think of trenching on his preserve than on a wooded park stocked with pheasants and other delectable things. He exercises an absolute squatter sovereignty over his particular bit of street, and his ownership is respected by others of his guild. He is generally one of the very poorest of the poor of London, although recently, we believe, a member of the nobility, with a bar-sinister on his escutcheon, perhaps, has joined the ranks. In all weathers he plies his trade, and picks up such poor crumbs as just keep his body and soul together. In a country where one-half of the people give and the other half accept fees, the sweeper is pretty sure of getting a farthing from the average man or woman who has occasion to use his crossing. And what he gets he looks upon as his rightful wage, for Mr. Ralph says: "No one who does anything for gain in England is a vagrant in the eyes of the law, its executors, or the people at large."

In "Bleak House," Dickens draws a pathetic picture of a little sweeper-waif who was befriended by a stranger who lived in old Krook's house, and, dying, was buried in one of the gloomy graveyards of the city. Jo, of Tom-all-Alone's, goes at night to the cemetery, and, grasping the iron bars of the gate, looks in to where his friend lies buried, and then, to show his gratitude, he sweeps the steps of the archway clean, looks in again, and, muttering "He wos wery good to me, he wos," fades away into the night.



Ruth, Teddy, and the Yankee Sentinel

DURING the War of the Rebellion, down in that section of the country where was drawn the imaginary Mason and Dixon's line, the Confederates and the Federals were facing each other in the neighborhood of a plantation the owner of which was in the Southern army; and, as Christmas was approaching, the old servant on the place was distressed because little Ruth and Teddy would probably have no presents; so, when she was putting them to bed, she stopped their chatter about Christmas and Santa Claus with:

"'What you-all talkin' 'bout? How you think Santa Claus gwine get t'rough dem Yankee lines? Spec's dey gwine catch him an' kill him, suah!' and she took the light and hurried away to escape the questions.

"Then Ruth had an inspiration. 'Brother, *brother*, wake up! We have got to go to the Yankee captain and beg him not to hurt Santa Claus.' So off they started, and soon came upon the picket, who greeted them with: 'Well, my hearties, what brings you here?'

"'Please, we want to see the captain,' gasped Teddy. They saw the captain. 'The captain had a cold,' said Ruth, telling about it afterwards; 'he coughed and wiped his eyes, and said to us: "You have saved Santa Claus, and all the little children in the world will be grateful to you. But we are not going to kill him. . . . Trot along home now. Your soldier friend is going with you to take you safely back."'

"A couple of weeks later, on the day before Christmas, the tall soldier came to the house again. He was driving, and from his cart he took a large box. On the cover was written, 'Santa Claus is in a great hurry this year, so he left this with the Yankee captain, and asked him to forward it to Ruth and Teddy.'" That's "How Santa Claus was Saved," according to Mary T. Van Denburgh, and, from all indications, the past Christmas he was in very good condition on both sides of the line.



The First Day Out

AN auspicious start on a European trip is calculated to put the mind in condition to make light of any discomforts that may possibly follow. Given a bright spring or autumn day for sailing, and one leaves behind him, without regret, the unsightly sky-scrapers of New York in the contemplation of the surroundings of one of the most beautiful bays in the world. Passing Governor's Island on the left, with its old stone fort and the picturesque quarters of the soldiers, you soon reach Bay Ridge, with its many residences nestled among the trees, and forts Hamilton and Lafayette, with forts Wadsworth and Tompkins on the right, on the slopes of the hills of Staten Island. Speeding through the Narrows, you enter the lower bay, with Hoffman and Swinburne islands, and Passaic Bay beyond. If the wind be fair, you meet here countless pleasure boats with their white wings spread to the favoring breeze, and the saucy little steam-yachts dashing over the waves. Beyond Coney Island Point, on the east, you see the Beach hotels. Just here the course of the ocean greyhound is straight for Shrewsbury Inlet, but when near the Highlands a sharp turn to the left brings you to Sandy Hook and its frowning water-batteries, with the twin lights of the Highlands of Navesink behind you, and before you the open Atlantic.

"Long Island was now a low, yellow line on the left. Some fishing-boats flickered off shore; they met a few sail, and left more behind; but already, and so near one of the greatest ports of the world, the spacious solitude of the ocean was beginning. There was no swell; the sea lay quite flat, with a fine mesh of wrinkles on its surface, and the sun flamed upon it from a sky without a cloud."

Such was the auspicious starting of Mr. and Mrs. March in Mr. W. D. Howells's story entitled "Their Silver Wedding Journey."



A Plantation Christmas "'Fore de War"

ONE of the happiest features of the old plantation life was the affection shown by the slaves towards such masters as were worthy of it, and this feeling was often reciprocated.

Take as an example the colored boy who was appointed body servant to the young master, whose sole duty it was to wait upon and watch over his charge. How proud he was to attend him on his rambles, to teach him what he knew of wood-craft, and to fish and shoot and swim! To him the world held only one perfect being. In absolute, devoted faithfulness there was nothing comparable to it. Other boys there might be, but at best they were "pore white trash" when little massa was around.

In "Huckleberry Finn" Mark Twain tells the story of how Huck and Tom Sawyer assisted a runaway slave to escape. They dug the darky out of his prison—they preferred that way to pulling the padlock from the door, it was more romantic—and on their way to the river one of the boys was shot in the leg by the pursuers. After getting on their raft and crossing the river, that wounded leg made it impossible for the boy to travel, so he advises Jim to leave him to his fate and run for freedom, and Jim replies: "Well, den, dis is de way it look to me, Huck. Ef it wuz *him* dat 'uz bein' sot free, en one er de boys wuz to get shot, would he say, 'Go on en save me, nemmine 'bout a doctor f'r to save dis one?' Is dat like Mars Tom Sawyer? Would he say dat? You *bet* he wouldn't! *Well*, den, is *Jim* gwyne to say it? No, sah—I doan' budge a step out'n dis place 'dout a *doctor;* not if it's forty year!"

Our picture shows the Christmas-morning visit of old "Uncle" and "Auntie" to the young master and his wife, who come to the porch to receive their greetings. These old darkies were possibly born on the plantation, which bounded the world so far as they knew it, and they brought their words of seasonable cheer, that, homely as they might be as a Christmas present, had the charm of being tied up, as it were, with the strings of their hearts. It was surely a precious offering to the young master and mistress, as there was nothing perfunctory about it, for the reason that it was the kind of gift that could not be bought in a department store.

Rupert and his Portrait

AMONG the ills which human flesh is heir to, *cacoethes scribendi* is one of the most irritating and troublesome to the average publisher. The unfledged youth of both sexes are often afflicted with this malady before they cut their wisdom teeth, and, with the assistance of pen, ink, and paper, spread the infliction broadcast. Narcissus-like, they fall in love with their own reflections, but the waters into which they gaze are not those of Hippocrene, the fountain of the Muses, but rather some babbling brook, shallow and noisy, the music of which is in accord with their jangling jingles. In the "Poet's Corner" of some country newspaper they first see the light of day; and as the weeks roll by their twaddle accumulates, and then they are inspired with the desire to see their rhymes between boards, and listed with such names as Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and Longfellow, so they pack their verses off to some long-suffering publisher, indorsed, usually, by some local dignitary of about the same mental calibre as the writers. The professional reader, always seeking after budding talent, looks over the stuff, at a stated charge, and renders his decision—"Rubbish"; and so "another flower is born to blush unseen," and takes its place among the weeds.

Rupert thought he was a poet, so he had his portrait painted. In our picture he seems not to be blessed with that grace of form which we look for in the gifted, chosen few; he has not that "look of heaven upon his face which limners give to the beloved disciples"; but the artist has taken such liberties with the crude material as to evolve a fairly presentable result, as we see it upon the walls of the gallery. Mr. Brander Matthews says in his "At the Private View": "Rupert, arrayed in all his finery, could always be found in the neighborhood of his portrait." If we consider his limitations, we may come to look upon his weakness with Christian charity.



At the Flower-Show, Madison Square Garden

IN the great hall of the Madison Square Garden one sees at different times a motley variety of entertainments. To-day it may be a Six-Days Walking-Match, or a bicycle contest; to-morrow, the clowns and the elephants and the peanuts and what not of the "Greatest Show on Earth" literally have the floor. In another interval we have two gentlemen, with more brawn than brains, hunting around in the most agile and industrious manner to locate the *solar plexus*, or some other vulnerable part of the human form divine, which, on being reached by a well-directed punch, reduces the recipient to the condition of the gentleman in Mr. Bret Harte's "Society on the Stanislaus," of whom it is said, after a little argument,

"And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Following this *al fresco* affair we may have the annual French Ball, which can be characterized as another decidedly undress occasion, but it is loaded with style, and the *jeunesse doré* flock to it in crowds and see life, and things.

But once a year the building really justifies its name of Garden, and that is when the Flower-Show is held. Contributors to this exhibition comprise not only the florists who supply the city with flowers the year round, but also the wealthy residents of the vicinity, whose conservatories are built on a grand scale, and from them come the most magnificent specimens of the floral kingdom, from the dainty orchid to the gorgeous, satisfying glory of the "American Beauty." Almost every known flowering plant finds its place here, from the scentless chrysanthemum to the delicious jacqueminot—"a concentrated summer," as some one called it—that fills the air with its fragrance; while the gayly dressed ladies harmonize most fittingly with the color and the surroundings.



From the Land of the Chrysanthemums

CENTRAL PARK is a great breathing-spot, now almost in the residential centre of the city, of which New-Yorkers are justly proud. The work of Messrs. Vaux and Olmsted, to whom was intrusted the laying-out of the grounds, so happily supplemented the natural advantages that, while you feel their deft handiwork everywhere, Nature has not suffered the outrageous treatment that would have been her lot had the gentlemen who now divide their time between their corner saloons and the Aldermanic chamber been in authority at the time when the Park was laid out, though the progeny of these latter need constant watching to-day to prevent defacement of the grounds. While to the lower part has been given all the attention which the skilled training of these two landscape-gardeners could devise, in the northern section large tracts have been left in their natural wildness, only excrescences and blemishes having been removed.

In the Park we see every nationality, every variety of man, from the cow-boy to the Parsee. In our picture we have two Japanese gentlemen sauntering down a path in their quiet, reserved, and dignified manner. What there is worthy in the surroundings is fully appreciated by the gentlemen from the land of the chrysanthemums, than whom, as Professor Morse says, there are none who revere Nature more, their homes being in a land of flowers, which, though mostly scentless, are so fine in form and color that they are universally used as decorations in the houses of even the very poorest. There they cultivate the chrysanthemum until, in the delicacy of color and graceful flow of its leaves, they produce a flower that it is hard to realize is a first-cousin to our field daisy. Even about the poorest houses in Japan one finds little garden patches that delight the eye, while in the grounds of the rich one sees every variety that nature and art can produce. In similar grounds in our own country, Professor Morse says, in his "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," we often find "cast-iron children standing in a cast-iron basin, holding over their heads a sheet-iron umbrella, from the point of which squirts a stream of water."



In the Smoking-Room

MR. JOSEPH HATTON says, "If the Lacedæmonians invented clubs, the modern English may take the credit of having perfected them." In the Lacedæmonian clubs "it was customary, on the arrival of members, for the oldest among them to stand at the portal and warn his brethren that not a word said within the precincts must be repeated outside." And among all good clubmen of to-day this is an unwritten law, and woe betide him who breaks it. This being the case, the modern club, in the smoking-room, gives one a freedom in the interchange of ideas that makes it one of the charms of the institution, as one usually finds there a collection of fellows who are worth listening to. It was in the smoking-room that a well-known *littérateur* was asked by a friend whom he had been dining—in a club that had in its membership prominent people from all the learned professions, and choice laymen also—"Of what class of men was the club composed?" and the reply was, "All the rag-tag and bobtail of the best in New York." And the talk of the evening justified the characterization. But certain it is that, ever since Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, from whence it spread over the civilized world, and into some sections on the edge of it, it has been an important factor in sociability among men; and in many of the Latin countries its use is very general among women also; and if we can rely upon the statements of the daily press, many of the Anglo-Saxon maidens toy with, if they do not relaly enjoy, the fragrant weed. For years the old crones in the Emerald Isle have used the "dudeen," and snuff-taking in other countries was at one time very general. It is curious to note that the purists claim that no smoker can tell, with his eyes shut, whether or not his cigar is alight, and in the same breath they assert that it is death and destruction to both mind and body. Meanwhile, some of the brightest talk to be met with anywhere may be found in the smoking-rooms of the clubs, and, if the inevitable element of destruction is there, the fellows are certainly going out in a blaze of glory.


W. T. Smedley -1894.

The Toilet

THERE seems to be an instinct in the well-ordered woman to be always at her best, to arrange and conserve such pleasing features as were born to her, or to simulate by taste and judgment such attributes as compel attention and even homage. It is her nature to expect admiration, within proper bounds, and the cunning ways in which she accents her good points are worthy of all praise. Though it is not given to all to be brilliantly clever, it is quite within the province of most to make themselves, by well-considered adornment, as pleasing to the eye as the loveliest flowers in the gardens. It has been ever thus since the time when Queen Esther, in her magnificence, appeared before King Solomon, whose glorious presence, according to Biblical tradition, was only discounted by the lilies of the field. Queen Esther probably did not suffer to the same degree by comparison. But perfect appreciation, we suppose, depends largely upon one's education and surroundings. We have no doubt but that the "two English feet to the yard" depicted by Mr. Augustus Hoppin in his "Crossing the Atlantic" were as dear to the heart of some sturdy Briton as are the cramped and distorted pedal extremities of the Chinese belle to the almond-eyed wearer of the yellow jacket and the peacock's feather. Personally we should not look with much favor upon the South Sea Islander who wore rings in her nose or had great bones projecting through the lobes of her ears; but to the dusky savage of her class Queen Esther or our modern belle "would not be in it." Nor are we quite contented with the vagaries of fashion in our own time. It is difficult to reconcile one's sense of proportion with the balloon-like crinoline or the skin-fit tailor-made gown which necessitates a hand always holding up the spinal vertebræ. In "The Golden House" Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says of one of his characters: "Revolving these deep things in her mind, she went to her dressing-room and made an elaborate toilet for dinner. Yet it was elaborately simple. That sort needed more study than the other."

Such a maiden has no need to "consider the lilies of the field."


1894

At the Private View

A LOVE of form and color is happily given to most of us. It helps us in the adornment of our homes, and makes the various aspects of nature a delight to us. We all remember what Titbottom said in "Prue and I": "Thank God! I own the landscape. Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape, or otherwise how could I own castles in Spain." And we have some such feeling at a Private View, where we have all of the freshness and bloom of the artist's creation. The pictures may belong to another, but the enjoyment of them is ours for the time being.

At these views come all that are representative of the controlling influences of a great metropolis—artists, authors, and professional men of every grade drawn together with the common purpose of discussing the thoughtful work of another's brain. They gather in groups and contrast the present exhibition with that of the previous year, with what they saw in the last *Salon* or at the Royal Academy. We hear a most curious mixture of praise and censure, generally good-natured and kindly, because one never knows how near the artist may be to his elbow.

At one Private View we remember having heard dear old George Fuller asked if he did not think it a lack of judgment on the part of the committee in hanging a certain picture, and he replied—he was never known to say an ill word of any of his fellows—"Not uniform in quality, perhaps, but there is a bit of brown in that background that reminds me of Rembrandt." At another Private View of old masters, some years ago, two gentlemen, who had done the galleries of Europe, were discussing the authenticity of some of the canvases. They had backed their judgments by a bet of a basket of champagne, and, seeing Mr. George H. Boughton, the artist, approaching, agreed to leave the decision to him. "Undoubtedly originals," said Boughton; "they are too damned bad to be copies. Anybody copying an old master would show some sense in his selection."



After the Matinée

A MATINÉE at the opera-house or a theatre seems to have a distinctive character of its own. This is in part accounted for by the fact that ladies can go unattended—often in parties—and so the affair partakes somewhat of the nature of a social function, which is shared to a degree by the artists on the stage, who, while they do not relax in the earnestness of their personations, unconsciously feel the good-natured influence of the audience, and oftentimes do their best work in the way of ease and spontaneity, the friendliness of the house establishing almost confidential relations with the boards.

Any one who has attended a matinée at the opera when Calvé, Eames, or the De Reszkes were in the bill, must have noticed the *rapport* between the stage and the house, and felt the sort of five-o'clock-tea character of the entertainment, in which the performers apparently shared the enjoyment of the listeners, while sacrificing no artistic points. The same was true not long ago at Daly's, when John Drew, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and Lewis were in the cast. Then the "matinée girl" was in her element, and bubbled over with a pleasurable excitement that was quite infectious, even to a hardened theatre-goer.

These daylight performances are largely patronized by the suburban residents who have urban tastes and cultivation, and bring with them a freshness and a keen appreciation that the satiated city folk sometimes lack. And when the play is over, and the crowds stream forth into the open air, you can almost read on the faces of the people the character of the entertainment they have witnessed, and the gayety and brightness of their looks and talk have an appreciable effect upon the passer-by who may have been struggling with situations into which mirth did not enter.



Art Students

AT nearly all of the private views of pictures in the galleries the young art student is very much in evidence.

Away back in the thirteenth century was born in Italy a shepherd's son. This boy, Giotto by name, became the most famous painter of his time, and as he is credited with being the author of the injudicious statement that "any one who can learn to write can learn to draw," we are inclined to think that he is responsible for much that is bad in art from his day to ours, because we are all so prone to hug the sweet delusion to our souls that possibly there may be in us that which in time will compel the admiration of the world, forgetting how slim our chances are when we remember that, in any decade, the masters can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Think of the endowments of such men as Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, who were painters, architects, sculptors, engineers, musicians, poets—there was no one of the cultured arts in which they did not excel—and then contrast them with the average art student, who has little capacity beyond the needs of a tin-shop.

At a recent exhibition of the Academy of Design in New York the writer overheard a couple of these students discussing the work of a really clever man. One thought he saw something in the picture worthy of commendation, but the other sharply criticised the motive of the painter. "We do not want," said he, "a canvas that is simply pleasing to the eye. It must have an uplifting quality. It is our mission in life to educate the public taste so that it may come to fully appreciate all that is inspiring and ennobling in our work, and so make life more beautiful, more worth the living." I very much fear that the future of these two youths is behind a bargain-counter. As I left them I recalled the last part of an epitaph on an old gravestone—"for she painted in water-colors, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."



Jack and Mr. Fletcher

JACK DELANCY had a competence which was largely invested in stocks, the value of which depended mainly upon the manipulations of the Wall Street magnates, of many of whom it is said that their word was better than their bond; but, when their personal interests were concerned, they spared neither friend nor foe. With one of these millionaires Jack formed a business connection, and for a time every investment prospered, just how or by what means Jack did not see fit to concern himself; perhaps it would have mattered little if he had, as by temperament and training he was not fitted for business. It was sufficient for him that the money was rolling in. So he bought a steam-yacht, and burned the candle at both ends; then came a Wall Street panic, and ruin. As Jack had no recuperative resources, he seemed likely to remain among the *débris*. Months rolled by, and in the darkest hour he received an invitation to call from Mr. Fletcher, a prosperous cordage merchant.

Mr. Fletcher received him in a little dim back office, with a cordial shake of the hand, and gave him a chair. "Our fall trade is just starting up," he said, "and it keeps us all pretty busy. . . . Are you open to an offer?"

"I am open to almost anything," Jack answered, with a puzzled look.

"Well, I want a confidential clerk—that's it. . . . You are just the man."

"I can be confidential," Jack rejoined, with the old smile on his face that had so long been a stranger to it; "but I don't know that I can be a clerk!"

But Jack went into the "string business," as he called it, and soon after started for the country home of his wife, from whom he had long been separated, to carry the good news to her. As he approached the cottage he found it literally bathed in sunlight, and he was led to exclaim, "It is 'The Golden House'!" And in the arms of his wife he looked hopefully towards the future, and the past was blotted out forever.



Mother and Child

THERE is nothing more beautiful than the sight of a mother holding her child. The tenderness and affection in every look and movement encompasses all there is in life for the moment. It matters not how fair or ill-favored the child may be, the maternal instinct blots out all physical shortcomings. It was so when the star hung over Bethlehem guiding the wise men; it is equally so now in the poorest tenement districts, where the surroundings may not be as choice as those in the manger on that memorable night.

The completeness with which the little one dominates the situation is well expressed by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall":

> "Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry,
> 'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry."

Another poet, of rather smaller caliber, says: "A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure," and of such a well-spring Mr. Warner writes in "The Golden House":

"He was an increasing wonder—new every morning and exciting every evening. He was the centre of the world of solicitude and adoration. It would be scarcely too much to say that his coming into the world promised a new era, and his traits, his likes and dislikes, set new standards in his court. If he had apprehended his position his vanity would have outgrown his curiosity about the world, but he displayed no more consciousness of his royalty than a kicking Infanta of Spain. This was greatly to his credit in the opinion of the nurse, who devoted herself to the baby with that enthusiasm of women for infants which, fortunately, never fails, and won the heart of Edith by her worship. And how much they found to say about that marvel! To hear from the nurse over and over again what the baby had done and not done, in a given hour, was to Edith like a fresh chapter out of an exciting novel."



Youth and Age

THE two extremes of life are interesting, the one for the brilliant promise, the other for the successful fulfilment. Some of our readers have realized the fruition of their hopes, and others are in the enjoyment of that supreme content that comes from the appreciation of the thoughtful training that had been given them. It is a great delight to listen to the words of one who sees the blissful results of unremitting care in the forming of the characters of the cherished ones, and it is equally delightful to see the recognition that the well-ordered person most lovingly accords to his "guide, philosopher, and friend." If "age is a matter of feeling and not of years," it accounts in part for the charm which some men, and particularly some women, carry with them into their declining days. Take a well-favored woman, with a broad, receptive mind, and she is ever young. Around her gather not only the youth of her own sex, but also those of the other, who, when they meet her, feel the broad humanity of her nature and lean to her for guidance. We can easily recall one stately old lady who had lived a life of happy experiences, and naturally drew about her all the young people of her acquaintance who were doubtful concerning their hopes and aspirations. With no possible jealousies, she was able to enter into all the vague details of a budding life, of a character such as she had lived and enjoyed, and most tenderly acted as pilot to the venturesome young aspirants, who were unconscious of the shoals surrounding them, which might be safely passed if only the warning beacons were attentively watched. In every company she was one centre of attraction, and no young belle was more carefully considered.

And so we say that one of the most delightful personalities to be met with is one that has grown old gracefully, and equally delightful it is to see in the young the ability to profit by what good-fortune has thrown in their way.


W. Smedley. 1894.

Bayou Têche

IN those parts of our country where nature has tenderly laid its hand, the struggle for existence is reduced to its minimum. In the North the soil oftentimes yields results grudgingly to the most earnest endeavors, except in the virgin quarters of the West, which seem to have a quality that magnificent returns do not impoverish, and with the changes of climate there is nurtured a sturdy vitality in the people that enables them to thrive, indifferent to the extremes of heat and cold. But in the South the land is veritably one that, if you tickle it with a hoe it laughs with a harvest, as some one said about another land, and the simple wants of the average man are satisfied.

It was into the Bayou Têche that Evangeline wandered in search of her lost love, Gabriel, and Longfellow thus speaks of it:

> "Beautiful the land, with its prairies and forests and fruit trees;
> Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
> Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
> They who have dwelt there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

In this region is the paradise of the colored man and some of his white brethren. But little effort is required to support life, which, such as it is, they accept contentedly, at least, and no more quarrel with their surroundings than they do when the sun goes under a cloud—it is so ordained. They seem to be without personal ambition or the greed of gain. They are quite unlike some of our fellow-citizens here at the North, of one of whom, from the Emerald Isle, it is reported that he said on landing, when asking the time from his brother Mike, who gave it to him from a "Waterbury": "Is it er watch yer carryin'? Be gob, before I'm here a munt I'll be carryin' er clock!" But our colored friends will sit all day on the Têche and angle for a possible catfish and dream their lives away.

At the Races

A LOVE of sport is inherent in the breasts of all mankind, civilized and savage. And when is added to it skill and daring, it always draws crowds. At the earliest age of children the simplest games soon give place to "dares" and "stunts," and the cleverest, hardiest youngster at school at once becomes the "cock of the walk"—the admiration of his school-mates. This feeling grows with our years, and when manhood is reached our favorite is still at the fore in steeple-chasing, polo, golf, and yachting. And not infrequently we find the gentler sex easily holding its own in rough cross-country riding and other sports calling for a cool head and courage.

In England, "Derby Day" has long been a holiday for rich and poor, and the handsomest four-in-hand shares the road with "'Arry" and his donkey-cart. So, also, in Paris, the "Grand Prix" brings together the most exclusive residents of St. Germain with the blue blouses of Rue St. Antoine and Montmartre. And at our own "Suburban" one sees a notable gathering of men and women, all on pleasure bent, that leads one to think that the metropolis is largely composed of the leisure class. Around the grand-stand, and in the boxes, the gallants pay visits and whisper soft nothings, which are the confectionery of life offered to kindred sweets. But watch the crowd when the favorite horses are on the homestretch. Notice the face of that delicate little maiden, see how the color comes and goes, and how she clutches her parasol with a nervous tension that makes the mass of silk and lace quiver like a thing of life!

Can anything be more thrilling than the description of the chariot-race in "Ben-Hur"? Nobody with a drop of sporting blood in his veins can read the ending of that struggle without a tingling at his finger-ends.

Well, we fancy that human nature is pretty much the same to-day as it was in the time of the Romans—gracefully refined, maybe.

In the Sear and Yellow Leaf

IN most old persons who have led a peaceful existence there is a charm of manner and the enjoyment of a delightful retrospect that rounds out to complete satisfaction the declining days of a well-considered life. Of course, there are lost hopes and aspirations unrealized, but our friends have come to know that there is a silver lining to every cloud, and fully appreciate that what Longfellow says—

"Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary"—

is quite true of every life; but they have stored up a quantity of human sunshine that brightens every moment of the darkest days, and blessed are those who come under their influence. Very touchingly does Oliver Wendell Holmes sing of old age in his "Last Leaf":

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

Spring, of course, has the charm of ineffable freshness and bloom, but there is something to be said of the satisfying color of the autumn of a life that takes on the glorious tints that come as a fitting ending of a most bounteous fulness.



On page 17 we gave a picture of the interior of Mr. Smedley's country studio. On the opposite page is a view of the exterior. The building is in Lawrence Park, Bronxville, one of the most beautiful of the outlying districts of Greater New York, and is in the immediate neighborhood of the Zoological Gardens, and the charming, picturesque Bronx River, so dear to the artistic temperament.







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